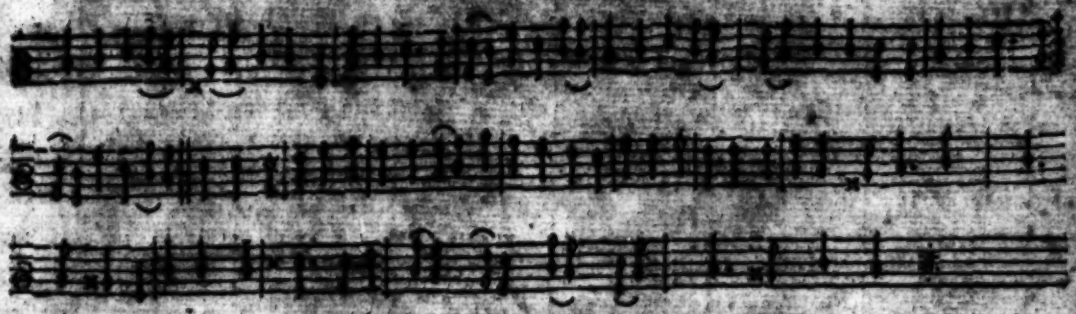
18.

Monmouth's Return;

OR,

The Mistaken WHIGGS.

Tune of, *Tis no Jenny, &c.*



I.

NOw the Rash Imputing *Tory's*,
which so long have rail'd at *Jemmy*;
Soon recant your idle Storys,
he's the Man that must Redeem ye
All your Joys,
Therefore Boys,
cry *Huzza* with Hoop and Hollow;
Beat the Drum,
Jemmy's come,
A Warlike *Mars*, and Wise *Apollo*.

II.

Jemmy now the *Whiggs* has bubbled,
his design was thus to sham 'em;
Let all Loyal joys be doubled,
but for *Whiggs*, the Devil Dam 'em!
Jemmy went
With intent
to their Damn'd Association;
But to find
Where the Wind,
sat against the tottering Nation.

III.

For Young *Jemmy* who endured
has so long the King's displeasure;
Humbly now returns assured,
to regain his love by leasure;
Which when he,
On his Knee,
did Intreat, or once Demand too;
The King did soon,
Grant his Boon,
And suffer'd him to kiss his Hand too.

IV.

Let the Circumvented *Rumpers*
perish, whilst the *Loyal Tory*,
Briskly does Carrouse his Bumpers,
to Young *Jemmy's* Health and Glory!
Fill the Glass,
Let it pass
fairly round from one to t'other;
Let him dye,
That won't cry,
God bless the King, his Son, and Brother.

V.

Now the double-minded *Trimmers*,
moulded up of *Whigg* and *Tory*;
Pitch your Anchor in full Brimmers,
now the Case is plain before ye:
Leave the *Whiggs*,
Dam those *Priggs*,
let *Whiggery* the worst of Sin be;
Let no pars
Possess your heart,
if you do the Devil's in ye.

VI.

York and *Monmouth* now are Friends too,
Love and *Loyalty* possess 'em;
You that to the same pretends too,
never cease to cry God bless 'em:
E'ry Lad,
Shall be glad,
let us make the World to Ring Boys,
May he Rot,
That will not
pledge this Health, *God Bless the King, Boys!*

FINIS.

Printed for *C. Corbet*, at the *Oxford-Arms*, in *Warwick-Lane*, 1683.